

# Talib Kweli, Fortified Live

[Kweli]

The highest caliber, make it a night to remember like Shalamar  
Then escape to Havana with Assata, do what I gotta  
Planes get shot down in Cuban air space over the water  
I got insight, it's a clear case of reading your aura  
Man, what you got for us as my Black men stand in line like a chorus  
Makin' these MC's our sons like Horus  
I'm always taking shots like a Japanese tourist, get the picture?  
Flyer than Keyser Soze and no exposure

[Mos Def]

I'm sippin wishing well water imported from Pluto  
That's why my eyes is glassy, so ain't got to ask me  
The interplanetary Illuminati move your body  
I trekked the stars first, so fuck Kirk and Scotty  
I threw basement parties on the Mothership  
Now I'm on planet Earth on some other shit  
Many 'habitants of this world be strivin and strugglin  
Tryin to eat food and keep the rights to they publishing, huh  
Ghetto red hot, man that shit is like bubblin  
Can't get no peace cause the Beast keep troubling  
Youth, they oppose and the blows they be doubling  
Nike heads is trife and the shots, they be thundering  
Ways and customs don't make any sense  
They be givin me stress and they test my maintenance  
Use the sand and the Ummah as my sustenance  
No, this style will never lack, melanin's my evidence

[Mr. Man]

In order to effective, with your words you must be selective  
Cause showin and provin is the Prime Directive  
Movin those who are outdated with vernaculated thought, so  
Every time I take a turn MC's take a loss  
My point across, I gotta get to where I want to be  
As the wickedest public speaker since '73  
Or '74, which was the year I first touched ground  
As the physical manifestation of sight and sound  
So gather 'round, to hear the profound brown vomiter  
Absorb the sonic energy manifestin through your monitor  
The livin proof, I make the truth sound clear  
Mr. Man, in nine ether represent right here, check it out

Chorus (2X):

Kweli

This once in a lifetime like a Halley's comet  
Yo, we bring it to Medina like the prophet Mohammed

Mos Def and Mr Man:

Peace be upon he, and, we MC's  
Speak the fortified live exhibit level degree

[Kweli]

Yo, what's wrong with this picture? (picture) Don't it seem bugged  
MC's is high on they supply, sounds like they takin drugs  
Y'all trippin like mescaline and killin the feeling like penicillin  
Switchin' to Lionel Rich' and dancin on the ceilin  
Go ahead and be a heroin(e), your own mind  
Fuck your internet, coke is it when you on line  
Smokin dirty weed, ignorin the medicinal herbals  
So we in your ass like you was Richard Gere and we was gerbils  
You get stepped on like crack vials by ghetto children, plus  
Swept under the rug, we turnin niggas into dust  
You done came out of the earth (earth), what your life worth?  
When you get left with what you had on the day of your birth

[Mr. Man]

Ha...Yo, it's the super scientific, high-powered prolifical  
Lyrically a miracle, mentally I'm physical  
Massively encrytical, verbally invincible  
These kids wanna battle but the material's pitiful  
The only original, wicked individual  
Whenever I rhyme, I break it down into syllables  
Simply because it's coming straight out of Brooklyn  
It sounds so out of sight I got the blind people lookin  
It's Mr. Man the act, boy what? You get stolen  
I'll cut your ass in half and leave you with a semicolon

[Kweli]

We cold-crushin MC's that's gold-rushin for the cheese  
They see a flash in the pan waitin for royalties

[Mos Def]

But kings and queens get overthrown when they grab the microphone  
Shootin videos in homes that they know they'll never own  
I guess they cannot work alone, they forever with crew  
L sparking, steady barking bout the wildness they do  
Posin in photographs shot at complimentary angles  
Be playin Mr. Tuffy when they feminine like bangles  
Practices is fraudulent, fallacies record to tape  
Step in my zone, your spot'll get blown like Watergate

[Mr. Man]

Wait, my blastin rate is past a state of rappers who procrastinate  
Mr. Man is great, so every time I rhyme, I fascinate  
Masses hate to have to wait for me to unload  
So I flip into my mode of rhyme, long like a road  
See, I drop the greats like clumsy waiters drop plates  
I got rhymes by the crates to erase the duplicates  
Cause, I blow wack rappers out like afros  
My shit is so phat it be stretchin my asshole  
But huh, that's not the point because I'm better than most  
I make MC's Wonder like bread but then, bread gets toast  
It's like that, Mr. Man, Mos Def, and Kweli  
represent for every single real MC, you don't stop  
(Yo, yo, yo, this is the mighty Mos Def)

Chorus (2X)